

No One Can Help Us (And No One Gets Saved)

by TheWritingMustache

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Summary: Desmond is the prince of an ancient kingdom, pushed into taking the throne by his father, William. Dear old Dad wants him to do some simple things, like get married, and do something beneficial for the kingdom, yadda yadda. So Desmond does just that. But the way he goes about it is a little unorthodox. Mainly by summoning a demon and binding it to him. Said demon is not happy.

## 1. Chapter 1

The following fanfiction contains examples and mentions of:

Witchcraft, Demons, Human Sacrifice, Apple Shenanigans, Demon Summoning, Dark Magic, Forced Bonding, Blood and Gore, Rape/Non-con Elements, Mind Manipulation

Ye be warned all who enter.

**\*\*x-x-x-x\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The book he long search for glowed a pale golden as he approached it. The Apple pulsed brightly in his hand, signaling the object of his desires had been found. Grinning, he shoved the Apple away into its satchel, and he pulled the book free from the shelf. The Apple still glowed even from its confinement, providing plenty of light for him to flip open the book and glanced through.<p>

Arcane symbols decorated the pages, a language long forgotten, but nothing that could The World's Solider in his tracks. Thankfully, what he'd need for the ceremony was illustrated onto the pages, so at least there was that to go off of. The grin still across his face, he closed the book shut, and made his hasty escape. The last thing he needed right now was to be found in the restricted section of the

city's archives.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

In broad daylight, the book was even more fearsome and arcane. Whatever the material it the pages had been bound it, it surely was anything but leather. Granted, the book was centuries old by this point, and yet it looked as fresh as the day, even if the material that kept it together wasâ€|\_otherworldly\_. The ink in which the book was written was just as questionable. Desmond was sure the ink of choice changed from paragraph to paragraph, picture to picture. Maybe sometimes it was real ink, maybe sometimes it was blood, maybe something entirely different.

But it was something utterly fascinating to read regardless. With the Apple's help, he was able to decipher the writing one little word at a time. Many of it made little sense regardless however, speaking of powers he wasn't interested in, of monsters that had been long since dead, of kingdoms that had fallen to said monsters, yadda yadda.

He didn't care, it wasn't what he was looking for.

Desmond was only interested in a hopeful one chapter of the book, the story of the Mother and Her Child. And more importantly, how to summon one of them. Desmond hadâ€|great plans for them, and for himself really. The King wanted him to do something with his life, do something great, something worthy of inheriting the throne.

One would think just being the Prince of an entire kingdom would be enough. Or that he was the only one who could perfectly control the Pieces of Eden, ancient artifacts passed down through his family, nearly uncontrollable things until he had been born. But nooooo, his old bat of a father insisted he do more, something better.

Fine, if that's how he wanted it. So The World's Soldier decided he'd live up to his name, conquer and control a near unstoppable force. Cause really, how cool would that be? Pretty freaking cool, hence why Desmond just had to do it.

Except, he kinda needed a little help with it, and that's why he needed a super forbidden book for it. Couldn't exactly casually walked up to a summoner or a priest and ask them, "Could you summon a super dangerous and deadly demon for me?"

Yeah, that wouldn't go well.

Especially with the whole laundry list of things he was going to need just to put into the circle to summon this thing. Eyelash from a black cat, star of broom, symbols arranged on holy parchment, and oh the grand kicker, virgins. And that was just if he wanted to summon Her Child, The Mother required two virgins and an expectant mother. The Divines would ascend down from the heavens and rip out his soul before that would ever happen.

Desmond had to sit the book down, it was too much. He reclined back into his pillows and stared up at the lattice ceiling of his chambers. The glow of the Apple faded as its power withdrew back into itself, and he felt human again as they both rested. This magic shite was too much work, too complicated, no wonder normal people didn't do it anymore.

Especially using virgin sacrifices. That was like soooo fifth century. How the fuck was he supposed to get virgins? Desmond contemplated this for an embarrassingly long time before the answer finally hit him.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

"He did WHAT?!"

"Choose candidates to be his potential brides."

"I understand that but by the Divines, WHY did he do it?"

"I believe the word "brides" implies he means to marry them."

"Don't be smart with me, Altair."

The Head Guard simply shrugged. "I speak plainly my Lord. I only know what I have been told. If you wish to know more, then go ask him," Altair said.

The High King leaned back into his throne, rubbing his temples as he did. He liked to think his son wasn't as much of a buffoon as everyone likened him out to be, but it was on occasions like this that he couldn't help but absolutely agree with them.

"Very well," William sighed. "Return to your duties, Altair. I'll handle this on my own."

"My Lord," Altair struck a fist across his chest, bowed, then departed from the throne room. William remained still, staring off into the far wall as he tried to fully accept that he had to go confront his son over something like this. From what he had gathered from Altair, his son had a gaggle of women up in his private quarters, and he had brought them in with the apparent intention to marry them?

William couldn't help but feel like this was partially his fault. He had been a little hard on his son lately, mostly about things relating to inheriting the throne someday soon. But marrying three girls at once? Oh what nonsense was Desmond up to now.

With a heavy sigh, William lifted himself off his throne to seek out his wayward offspring. Each step closer to the northwestern wing of the palace caused another thorn of despair to pierce at his heart. His son was not a bad man by any means, but at times, was more or less misguided. And William was beginning to suspect that this was one of those times.

His son's "room" was extravagant to say the least. Three tiered balconies that reached up to a lattice ceiling. He didn't have to climb up and search, all William did was follow the sound of laughter and giggles. On the first floor, tucked away in a corner, where hot coals sat beneath it, there was a small pool that his son and his "brides-to-be" lounged. Baskets of fruit and bottles of wine sat at the edges of the pool, goblets in one hand, another hand pawing at Desmond's chest.

William cleared his throat loudly to be heard over their laughs, and

the girls gasped and squealed, ducked into the water more, and tried to vainly cover their breasts up with their free arm.

"Father!" Desmond grinned as he held up his goblet towards him. "Excellent timing, I have the most fantastic news for you!"

"You're getting married." William stated.

"Ah ah, nooooot quite." Desmond corrected. "I'm considering getting married, and these three lovely ladies are the perfect candidates to me by bride. Or brides. I like them all so much, they might all just have to share the role of queen. I can't simply choose between them."

The three girls giggled nervously, batting their lashes at Desmond, but still giving William sideway glances. The High King could feel a vein ready to burst in his head.

"This is a rather unconventional way of going about it," William said carefully. "Are you sure you put enough thought into this?"

"I have it all under control," Desmond assured him. "And if something comes up, I'll ket you know. And I shall further inform you when concrete plans are made. Don't wooorrry, I'm handling this just fine."

William doubted that, a lot. Even with the serious look Desmond gave him, William couldn't help but still be suspicious. Just what game did his son think he was playing at here? He wasn't quite sure, but he did intend to find out.

"Very well then," William sighed. "I'll leave you to yourâ€|own devices then."

He have the foursome a small nod before he retreated back out of the room. William really wished the image of his son being pawed at by naked women was a sight he hadn't witnessed.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

Desmond waited until he felt his father was for sure out of the room before he relaxed, slumping against the edge of the pool as his "brides" chattered to each other excitedly about being caught by the King himself. Desmond set his wine aside tor rub his face, because that had been too close.

"Is everything alright, my Lord?" one of his doves asked him, a gentle hand placed back upon his chest.

"Oh no, everything's fine," he reassured as he forced himself to smile. Just uhâ€|.Hold on."

Hidden behind him, behind pillows and baskets, Desmond dug out the Apple from its hiding spot. He clenched at it tightly, the glyphs carved into it suddenly slowed, and he turned around to face his much needed sacrifices.

"So let's go over this again, you're all virgins, correct?" he asked.

"Yes my Lord," all three spoke at once, their face blank, eyes glazed over in golden hues as a bright aura floated between them.

"You've never let another man nor woman touch you, correct?"

"We are pure and blessed for marriage, my Lord" they said in unison. Desmond grinned, knowing that with the Apple's influence, they were incapable of lying. The Apple wouldn't have pointed them out to him if they weren't otherwise.

"That's all I needed to hear, thank you my loves." Desmond said, and the Apple's glow faded away.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

Desmond gave Shaun the cheekiest, feces devouring grin as he walked into the scribe's office. The other man looked over his spectacles at him with a deep frown and furrowed brows. They both knew that Desmond was desperate if he was coming in here.

"Well, well, well, it looks like the Divines have blessed me this day," Shaun greeted him none too enthusiastically. "Or perhaps I've been cursed instead. To what do I owe this unfortunate pleasure, your Highness?"

"Just on an errand run, won't take much of your time," Desmond promised him. "I just need some paper."

Shaun quirked a disbelieving brow at him.

"Come again, my Prince?"

"Paper. Just a blank scrollâ€¦.And a quill of course."

"Yes, certainly, plenty of those," Shaun replied slowly as he moved about his crowded office for such a thing. It felt like there was more scrolls and papers and things than there was the last time Desmond was in here. And Desmond wasn't in here very often, only to practice calligraphy when his father pushed him to do it. As such, he could completely understand why Shaun was so skeptical of him being here.

"If it's not too much to ask, eh," Shaun started. "But uhm, what do you need paper for? Trying to catch up on your studies?"

"HA!" Desmond barked out in laughter. "I mean, uhm, kinda, yes, a little, not really, sorta."

Shaun paused in his search to shoot him a look from across the room.

"What I mean is, yes, I just wanna uhâ€¦Practice my calligraphy is all." Desmond nodded. "You know, in my spare time. I'm so busy with all my Princely duties that I just can't sit still for long to write all day. I'm sure you understand."

"I honestly can't say I do," Shaun said. "But then again, buffoons aren't meant to be, now are they?"

Desmond's smile faltered, became more strained.

"At the very least, here you are, your Royal Majesty." Shaun had a bundle of scrolls that he deposited into Desmond's arms. "And an ink and quill." He produced a small box from his desk, a quill sticking out from it, an ink well inside. "For the love of the Divines, don't spill it, you'll ruin everything and I won't be giving any more if you do. Understand?"

"I got iiiit," Desmond assured as he took the box. "Thank you, a lot, so much, I appreciate it."

"Yes yes, you're forever grateful. Pleasure seeing you again Desmond, but please get out and leave me alone."

Desmond blew a raspberry at him as he walked out of the scribe's office.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

Sunset was beginning to fall when Desmond return the book back to its rightful place. The city archives were next to deserted, not another soul in sight, and Desmond was able to sneak back into the restricted area just fine. He didn't need the Apple to find it either, merely the power of his second sight led the way. The restricted section was hidden cleverly, in the back of the archives, the fourth floor in the southern corner, a magical barrier covering it up.

Only a priestess could find the barrier and pass through it, but thanks to Desmond's more than unique lineage, he was able to locate and bypass the barrier with ease. The same powers that let him wield the Apple without going mad were the same powers that gave him his second sight.

At the very least, he wouldn't run into anyone in the restricted area. Unfortunately, the book's place was an obvious, glaring hole in the rest of the collection. Hopefully, no one had been back here since he took it the other day, and the book's absence hadn't been missed. Desmond slid it back into its proper home, no longer in need of it.

Half of the scrolls he got from Shaun were used to copy the most important few pages of the book that he needed, the others would be used to house the arcane symbols needed for the summoning ceremony. It was probably the most intensive session of calligraphy of his life, but Desmond felt it was well worth it. Intense because he HATED sitting still to write, and having to keep his brides-to-be entertained. They didn't ask what the book was or what the scrolls were for, or at least, they didn't remember asking in the first place after another wielding of the Apple.

(It had to be what it felt like to actually run the kingdom, and Desmond figured it was good practice for when he one day became King himself.)

But the book was back in place, and it was finally out of Desmond's hands. He retreated from the restricted area, back through the barrier, and hurried away from the southern corner. He dashed down a few rows of books, took a turn here and there, and then-

Nearly collided with the High Priestess of all people. His sandals

squeaked as he came to a dead stop, hands out in front of him.

"By the Divines!" Desmond cried. "I'm so sorry!"

"Quite a hurry you were in, my Lord," Dana observed passively. "If only I had known we'd be entertaining your presence sooner."

Of ALL the priestesses to run into, of allll of them, it had to be Dana. The High Priestess of Mercy she was ironically called, because when others crossed her, she had none to spare. She was by far the strictest, no nonsense priestess in the whole order that governed the keeping of knowledge for the entire kingdom. That included maintaining and stocking the archives, lording over the scribes, and acting as advisors to the kingdom officials (his father included).

And Dana-

Dana was very good at her job-

And she was the most dangerous person for Desmond to run into.

"Sorry for not alerting you sooner," Desmond smiled painfully. "I wasn't going to be long, didn't want to take up any of your time. In fact, I was just on my way outâ€|"

"Oh, then allow me to escort you, my Prince. My archives are closing in a bit anyway, and even though you are the Prince, I have to kick you out with everyone else."

"Ack, you wound me for treating me like the common folk!" Desmond faked grabbing at his heart, then laughed. "But alas, I must obey you, High Priestess."

Dana giggled back, and they fell into step with each other. Yet, the air around them felt most frigid. They weren't friends by any means, despite Desmond knowing Dana since his boyhood. And there was a time when she tutored him, as beautiful and young as she was then as she is now. Even one of his first crushes was on her when he was a squirmy adolescence desperate for some sort of attention.

That still didn't make them friends. Hardly even acquaintances. And Desmond was reluctant to be so much as around her right now, given where he just came from and what he had been doing. Thereâ€|there wasn't any real way that she could sense the magic off him, right? The dark witchcraft that he was planning? He had been handling a very dangerous book, and if he had been caught with it, the punishmentsâ€|

"So, my Prince, if I may be so boldâ€|"

"Hm?"

"What did bring you to the archives today? Was there anything in particular you were looking for that you needed help with?"

Juno's tit! Did she know? She didn't know. But could she? Was he being anâ€|open book right now so to speak?

"Oh I was just uh... My father was talking about something the other day and I thought I might be able to find something on the subject... Uhm, I didn't find it." Desmond lied.

"Is that so?" Dana questioned curiously. "You are free to ask for assistance if you need any. Perhaps you could have found your readings with some help."

"Nuuaahh I didn't wanna bother any of you with my needless search. I know it's your duty, but I couldn't possibly ask you to assist me on a wild goose chase." Desmond assured. "I'll just have to try again another day."

"Stubbornness is most unbecoming of you, my Prince." Dana replied coolly with a slight grin. "I thought you were taught better than that."

"Not much has changed as you can tell." Desmond chuckled.

They both laughed, and the mood around them eased slightly, but only slightly. They traversed the rest of the floors to the bottom in a less than awkward silence. Dana bid him farewell at the doors, and reminded him to come back again during daylight hours.

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It was hours later that Dana returned to the archives by herself. With a staff in hand, she worked her way back to the fourth floor and into the southern corner where the restricted section was. Dana muttered incantations under her breath, and a Piece of the Divines imbedded into the staff began to pulsate dully. A series of footsteps glowed brightly in the dark of the archives, leading into the barrier and then back out.

Dana followed the glowing trail inside. It led her down a few sections then down two rows before it abruptly stopped. Dana frowned, muttered another incantation, and the Piece glowed brighter. She swung her staff around to cast the light upon the books. Everything remained undisturbed, nothing missing from its place, all looking untouched as they had been for centuries.

If any had been touched, they would have glowed as well. But none did. Dana didn't understand, how could there be nothing here? The footsteps were proof enough that someone- Desmond- had been in here. But what had he touched? How did he get in here in the first place? How did he even know where to look?

She wasn't sure what his game was here, but she intended to find out if he ever reared his cocky grin around here again. She could only hope it was soon. The dark aura around him had been unmistakable earlier, Dana knew he had been doing something.

But just what could that have been?

## 2. Chapter 2

This fun little chapter includes fun things like body horror, gore, and death in some less than great detail. Proceed with



caution.

**\*\*x-x-x-x\*\***

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><p>The legend of the Old Kingdom was simple yet terrible. Their ancestors ruled from their capitol city in a great castle shrouded in the jungle. It was a castle so big, that practically all the residents of the city lived within its wall. First was the marketplace, then the homes of the common folk, moving on to homes of the richer folk, and so on and so forth until the main castle remained where the royal family ruled. It was crowded, yes, but people made their living in relative peace and harmony.<p>

And then the disaster happened. How it happened was still hotly debated centuries later. Interlopers, one with the ways of black magic unleashed a terrible curse unto the city. They opened up gates to otherworldly plains that allowed demons to enter the mortal world, and they slaughtered people by the hundreds. It was so bad, that the demons had practically overtaken the city, that was, until the ancestors of the royal family used the Pieces of the Divine to seal them away.

However by then, it had been too late. Only a small portion of the city had been spared. Only a handful of citizens had survived unharmed. Many had been dragged into the other realms, never to return. Others had been meals to the demons. And some had even been turned and corrupted into demons themselves. The survivors were left with no choice but to abandon the capitol. They traveled for days on end until they left the jungles and re-built the capitol in more spacious plains.

Using the Pieces of the Divines, they were able to rebuild successfully. Living out in such open spaces, they took to farming and raising livestock, and the economy of the city flourished, the same said for the rest of the kingdom. The Pieces of the Divines were eventually sealed away in a vault within the new castle, for their powers were great, but the rulers who wielded them were slowly going mad from their usage. As such, they set them away to preserve what was left of their sanity and ensure the kingdom would continue to prosper long after their deaths.

And while no one speaks of it openly, there is the occasional scribe who pours over the history of the kingdom, and still wonders just who exactly was the interloper that started the demonic plague in the first place. The villain had never been caught and tried, and as far as they knew, could easily still remain at large to this day.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

It was in the original courtyard where the chaos began those centuries ago. As such, the courtyard was said to be a place of strong, spiritual magic. For some, it was a great place of pilgrimage, for those wanting to connect their souls to the Divines, or whatever grand being they so worshipped.

This was the scene Desmond arrived upon on the night of the full moon. His fingers tingled and pricked with heat as he held the Apple

in his hand, looking out over the courtyard of the old castle. His doves were down below, mingling with the pilgrims, offering them wine and food that they hadâ€¦politely liberated from the current castle's storage. Desmond waited patiently, as the moon was not yet at its fullest, and he had some time to prepare for the summoning.

He hadn't exactly expected these people to be here. But when he came days prior to scout out the place, here they had been, setting up camp for their own special kind of lunar festival. They said on the night of the full moon, the spirits were stronger, and they could feel the power of their goddess better than ever before. They even invited him to return on that night, partake in the festivities even!

Desmond could only thank the Divines for this perfect coincidence, and he accepted the offer, promising to bring friends and drink when he did. And how he had delivered. The caskets of wine were opened, and the first round of pilgrims began to partake. It was the finest wine in the New Kingdom, perfectly refined for the sweetest and most bitter taste. And from what Desmond had observed in the past, it was a very quick way to get people drunk.

And for what Desmond was planning, he needed everyone very drunk, very lucid. and very susceptible to control. The Apple still burned hotly in his hand, and Desmond knew he was really pushing his luck with it. He had never used it this much to this degree before, the effects certainly starting to make themselves known. But with any luck, he wouldn't need the Apple much any more after this night.

For now, he watched, and waited, taking in the courtyard as a whole and began to plan how he wanted to organize this.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

In the center of the courtyard, there was what looked like the remains of a fountain, but now all that was left was a big, empty bowl in the ground. Desmond concluded he would use this as his summoing centerpiece. While the pilgrims and his doves partied around him in a drunken stupor. Around the fountain, he laid out the pieces of his grand plan that took him a painful long time to gather. The symbols of the wizard and magician he arranged between two candles each. The scrolls had the straw of brooms and the eyelashes of black cats folded together.

The full moon's highest point drew extremely near. It was time. Desmond looked around the courtyard at the dozens of people he was fully prepared to condemn. It was here in this spot, centuries ago, the demon plague began here. Here centuries ago, scores of mortals were slaughtered, their souls taken and kept out of reach from the Divines. Was he truly, surely ready do to the same? Just for one mere demon?

Really at this point, pretty much absolutely yes. A part of him felt like he had already come too far and he could not turn back now. Even if he did, it was too late for him. He had already dabbled in black magic, and he was forever marked. The only way to erase such a mark was to confess to a Priestess and have her unseal him. And since thaaaat wasn't ever going to happen without him ending up in a prison cell, Desmond decided it was in his best interests to just keep on going.

But the time was now, and Desmond pulled the Apple free of its satchel. He clutched at it tightly, and it glowed bright before it casted a shimmering aura over the yard. The festivities came to a sudden halt as one by one, the partiers slowed in their movements until they all stood like statues, eyes glazed over in golden hues.

Desmond climbed atop a pile of broken pillars, and from memory, he began to loudly instruct them all in the Old Tongue.

His three doves, his brides to be, names he never bothered to remember walked into the fountain and sat down in the center with their backs to one another. The pilgrims moved in a calm yet organized frenzy, oils found and already raging spits of fire brought to the fountain. His doves made no sound as they were doused with the oil, and moments later, set on fire.

Desmond switched from instructions to incantations, the summonings of Her Child, calling out his archaic name through the beyond realms. The scrolls with the symbols suddenly caught ablaze with a dark fury, the flames black as the night with red streaks arching through them. In the fountain, the fire turned just as black with the same red streaks, and the shimmering aura around the yard suddenly began to swirl.

Faster and faster it went, gathering together like a twister as it closed it on the fountain. What seemed like lightning lanced across the twister's surface as it lapped up the black flames. The flames did not extinguish, but rather were sucked up into the twister and spun with it. At last, his doves suddenly screamed, and moments later, blood and gore joined in on the spinning disaster.

Desmond fell to a knee, wobbling dangerously atop the pile. His right hand that held the Apple tightly ached more furiously than a storm, and it felt as if the fires in the yard had caught up to him. The tips of his fingers blackened first, and he muttered through the process of watching it travel to his knuckles, then his palm, and make it ways to his wrist.

But he could not stop now. It was too late for that.

The twister in the fountain shrunk down until the bowl of it sat in the center, a raging hole of darkness and fire.

And then, from the very deep recesses, an otherworldly creature shrieked from within.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

He had not heard his name in a very long time.

So long that he almost forgot what it sounded like when another being, not his Mother, called it.

In a realm of pulsating, breathing vines, and ungodly structures, he awoke from his slumber. His eyes creaked open at first, then snapped wide as his whole body was suddenly jerked forward. A golden chain suddenly appeared in front of him, the end shooting out to anchor itself in the hollow space behind his left breast, where his heart

once was. The other end slithered away, and dragged him along.

No matter how much he pulled back at the chain, tried to break away, he could not free himself, and the chain continued on unburdened by his attempts.

"MOTHER!" he screeched into the void, but she did not appear.  
"MOTHER, HELP ME!"

Where was she? Why did he awake alone? She was always here, always, so why not now? He screamed for her again as he dragged away, and his desperate pleas ceased when he was pulled towards a swirling portal.

Hovering just in front of the portal were three bodies, mortal bodies. The chain stopped pulling at him, and he was free to move of his own will once more. The bodies were deathly still, but the smell of blood on them was unmistakeable. A foreign hunger struck at his belly, and with a guttural sound, the bodies were eviscerated within seconds.

It had been so long since he tasted mortal flesh. He desired more, and the smell of mortals permeated from the portal. He could not recall the last time mortals had given him and his Mother a sacrifice either, but surely this must be that, and he would not miss out on it.

Maybe it was a good thing Mother was not here currently. The gold chain strained forward until it shot through the portal completely and took him along with.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

A monster arose from the swirling mass in the fountain. It spilled out in a disgusting mess of vine like tentacles, the red streaks dancing across them now. Desmond grinned despite his pain, his arm burning further now. He called out to the pilgrims to pile forward, feed the beast as it entered the mortal plains. The tentacles shot out at the approaching pilgrims, snatching them up and pulling them into its center.

Blood splashed up and sprayed the sides of the fountain. The sounds of the pilgrims being torn apart were nauseating as they met their deaths silently. Human, mortal bodies were surely not meant to sound like paper when torn apart, but that was the chorus of noises that grace Desmond's ears.

\_Splash\_ went blood. \_Shrriz\_ went skin and muscle. \_Crack\_ went bones. And that was just above the smack of the beast devouring its victims. The pilgrims were running thin, and Desmond made his final push to contain the beast. A halo surrounded the beast, and chains shot out from it into the center of the fountain. The beast screamed in agony as it was reeled out of the portal, until its form was exposed.

More and more chains out to bind and seal it, constructing its mass ever slowly into a more humanoid form. Desmond slid off the pile of rubble, back leaned against a pillar as his arm below his elbow burned a white hot. The pain made his vision swim, and he continued to mutter the incantations from between gritted teeth.

The beast screamed and wailed as the portal beneath it closed, and with the last of Desmond's strength, it was bound in a mortal form, and dropped unceremoniously in to the middle of the now empty, but blood covered fountain. The ceremony complete, the Apple's glow vanished. Everything dropped, and finally Desmond blacked out with a relieved sigh.

**\*\*x-X-x\*\***

His face scrunched up as a harsh light suddenly struck him, and he whimpered and rolled away to shield his eyes. He shivered as a cool breeze tickled his back, and suddenly he became aware of the hard stone beneath his figure. Blue eyes opened once more, and instead of the usual darkness of the void before him, he saw the red painted fountain doused in a yellowy light.

His brows furrowed together, and then he realized there was a pleasantly warm heat on his back. He rolled back over, hissing under his breath as the same light from before assaulted his sight, and he threw a hand across his brows to shield his eyes. There was something familiar about this combination of heat and light, and it took several moments for him to remember-

To remember the sun.

He suddenly shot upright with a startled gasp. His head whipped around from side to side. He knew this courtyard, he knew where in the world it was. He knew the sun and the bright blue sky it hung in. He knew everything because he had been here before.

It had been at least half a millennium since he was last year, maybe longer. He glanced downwards, and reeled backwards at what he saw. A pale sternum attached to a pale abdomen, with a pale waist and pale legs. He even had arms, and hands. He reached up again to feel at his face, run them against his cheeks and his nose and brows, and then-Hair! His dark, wild curly hair was back.

Was he mortal again?

A disbelieving bark of laughter erupted from him. He was back in the mortal plains as himself again. How he had grown, for didn't remember feeling his big since he was here last. He had been a boy back then, but now he had grown into a man. Or at least, it was the form of a man he took now. With another broken laugh, he got up, nearly slipping on the fountain's incline, but he crawled out to stand on his own two feet again. His toes curled into the faded stone of the courtyard, and he stared down at them with an exuberant glee.

And then-

For the first time-

He noticed the dark bands wrapped around his ankles. And he realized similar bands were attached to his wrists as well. An uncomfortable weight pulled at his throat, and he reached up to feel the hard, metal collar on him as well.

What in the names of the Divines was this?

The golden chain surfaced in his mind. He reached out in front of him, and grabbed at the air. His hand caught the chain that suddenly materialized. The chain led from his chest out beyond from where he stood, and to a pile of debris where the one and only other single body here lay at the base. Frowning, he wobbled over to the figure, grunting in frustration as he tried to get used to walking on two legs again, and trying to get used to having this kind of body in general.

The body was a mortal man, well muscled with a myriad of patterns across his arms. At least, one arm did. His right arm up to his elbow looked charred, burned as if it had spent too long in a fire. Just beyond limped fingers sat an orb with glyphs carved into it. He stared at it for a moment before realizing what it was; one of the Pieces of the Divines. And not just any Piece of the Divines, but one of the many that had sealed him and his Mother away all those centuries ago.

Was this mortal responsible for using this same Piece to summon him? To chain him like this? His whole frame started to shake with fury, and an animalistic growl reverberated from his chest.

**\*\*x-X-X-x\*\***

Desmond jerked awake as his whole body vibrated from the growl. His vision swam as the sunlight struck him in the face, and he groaned loudly. His groan was cut extremely short when a hand shot out and gripped him at his throat. With no effort at all, he was lifted off the ground as his left hand clawed desperately at the one that held him hostage. He struggled to look down at his attacker, and his brows shot up to his hairline as a young man, no older than him held him up.

But then the man hissed at him, lips curling back to reveal a mouth full of inhumanly sharp teeth. The grip around his throat tightened, and Desmond struggled to breathe.

"Ruh-ruh-rele-se meee," Desmond wheezed. "Youuâ€|.shul nawâ€|Hurrrm meeeeee"

His hand moved to grip at the band around the wrist that held him. The band briefly pulsated, and the man dropped him. Desmond was sent tumbling back to the ground, landing hard on his side. He cried out in pain as the man backed away and growled in his own frustration.

Desmond wheezed for air as he glanced the man up and down. Wasâ€|Was this the Child? He looked a little too old to be a kid, but then again, demons could take on whatever form they wished, and perhaps this is what suited him best.

"Ah..Aleâ€|Alexander?" Desmond gasped out the Child's more modern name. The Child's gaze snapped to his. Desmond grinned despite his pain. "Yesâ€|I know you're name. Because youâ€|You belong to me now."

Alexander's gaze narrowed at him.

"We're gonna doâ€|.Amazing things togetherâ€|.Husband."

Alarmed flared up in the blue hues of Alexander's eyes as Desmond wheezily laughed madly.

The Apple shimmered dimly where it sat.

End  
file.